

Without Incident
By
Jake Bible

The dogs howled into the wind and Sergeant Watts stood in the waste deep snow, his goggles sealed about his eyes against the harsh glare of the nighttime sun, their lens displaying streams of environmental data.

“Whatcha smell there, guys?” he asked the dog team harnessed to his mag-sled.

The Bering Strait was a mile away and Watts had been watching it for months on his tour without incident.

But as he dialed in the focus on his goggles his eyes went wide.

“Jesus, Mary and Joseph,” Watts whispered as the undead army marched across the Strait right at him.